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DAMARIS.

And a woman, named Damaris. — ACTS XVII. 34.

SHE listened to the wondrous words of brave Saint Paul,—
She listened—she believed—and this is all
That we may know of her life's history.
O, unknown sister-woman of that far-off land,
Reach through the dark of ages thy slight hand—
Tell to my list'ning heart thy mystery.

Thy name alone remains! Of face, or rank, or age,
Naught is recorded in the sacred page.
Damaris dwelt in Athens, and believed;
But, tell me, what heart-need was thine, oh, friend so dim,
That led thee thus to cast thy care on Him,—
That, soon as known, His love was glad received.

Wert thou a tender mother mourning for a child,
With empty arms, rent heart, and longings wild
For all that dimpled sweetness, lately thine?
Or, wert thou some o'er-loving, trustful maid,
By false or fickle man to grief betrayed,
And seeking round some changeless love to twine?

Perchance thou wert of nature, silent, deep,—
Accustomed to thyself thyself to keep,
For sympathy aye craving, but in vain!
To such a "fountain sealed," how sweet the news
Of Him who doth no thirsting soul refuse,
But with divinest love can satisfy.

A newly widowed wife, it may be that you came,
Drawn from your darkened home by whispered fame
Of one who taught of life beyond the grave;
Hoping for some faint gleam to him, who, from your side,
Had passed into that realm so dim, so wide,
From which no clinging love of yours could save.

And yet, it may be that no grief, no pain, or loss,
Led you to grasp the gospel of the Cross,
And make the priceless pearl of faith your own!
Were you not rather some strong, thirsting soul,
Who shrank instinctive from the cold control
Or sensual baseness of all creeds then known?

And, as a bit of sea-weed, torn from ocean rock,
Sinks—floats—drifts—whirls,—a prey to every shock
Of ruthless waves, who never let it rest,—
So, buffeted and struggling, hoping still to find,
In some new system, solace for your mind,—
You sought the presence of the stranger-guest.

O, ever-blessed hour! when light and life were shed
Upon your soul before so dark and dead!
You came,—you listened—and the truth received:
Why need I question more?—why seek to learn your life?
If young or old,—grave, gay, or maid, or wife?
Whate'er the strifes and sorrows that sealed book within,—
I clasp your hand in mine, and claim you kin,
In that you were a "woman," and "believed."
—Laura D. Nichols.

THE AU SABLE RIVER.

OCTOBER is one of the most delightful seasons of the year for a visit to the peerless region of the Adirondacks, the valley of Lake Champlain, and the famous Au Sable River. Three miles from the little village of Port Kent, which stands on the shore of the lake, the tourist comes to the celebrated ravine, known as the Au Sable Chasm, which the late Professor Agassiz considered one of the most remarkable in America. Its only rival, which it strongly resembles, is Watkins Glen. Pen-pictures of the scenery of the Au Sable rapids and chasms give but a faint idea of the grandeur and wildness, the sunny nooks and dismal caverns of this wonderful section of the country; now broad and sunlit, now narrowed to a foot, with towering masses of rock nearly closing overhead. The isolated location of this river has hitherto failed to attract as many visitors as its varied beauties deserve, but artists have long since found it out, and Mr. Arthur Parton shows us, in his large and noble picture, the Au Sable River in one of its wild and boisterous moods, where it dashes over great rocks, and winds through a gloomy and ragged country of pine and spruce forests. From the banks of portions of the Au Sable River the tourist can command a panoramic view of Lake Champlain, and the city of Burlington in the distance. The health-giving breezes from the lake are cooling, while under the magic influence of cloud and sunshine the aspect of the scene constantly changes. The rich green of meadows and forests contrasts well with the brown mold of the upturned fields, while the white sails of passing ships glide slowly and silently away in the distance until they are lost within the shadows of the lower confines of the lake. The rocky floor of the Au Sable Chasm can be reached by long flights of stairs and plank walks that are perfectly dry. The fantastic and towering cliffs in the vicinity have been named Table Rock, Sunbeam Falls, Tower Rock,

Devil's Slide, Chimney Gorge, etc. Where the ravine expands, a series of cascades has been created, over which the water dashes in foaming turbulence for a distance of a thousand feet or more. The race of the waters is terrible, and the descent of these rapids surpasses those of the St. Lawrence.

NO HERO AFTER ALL.

"ARE you star-gazing?" asked Helen Deno, stepping out upon the verandah, where Tom Ford stood, staring abstractedly at the cloudless evening sky.

"Only trying to devise some new method of shuffling off the mortal coil," Tom answered, laying his unlighted segar on the railing beside him.

"Have matters reached such a desperate condition with you?" laughed his companion. "I should never have suspected it."

"It is my hero, not myself, who is to be sent out of the world," was the reply. "Can not you give me a hint? Poison, consumption, precipices, shipwreck, runaway horses. Bah! I have made use of them all till they have grown wearisomely common. I am tempted to advertise for a novel way of ridding myself or other people of life—even at the risk of bringing a whole host of detectives down upon me."

"Why not let the poor myth live?" questioned Helen, smiling at the comical expression of despair on the perplexed author's face.

"Impossible!" replied Tom. "The lost heir has turned up, and is all ready to marry Lady Gwendoline, and so this hero—assistant hero, rather, is in the way, and must be removed, even if I have to do it in a commonplace fashion. You do not know what a benevolent person I am, Miss Helen, nor how much I have done for the happiness of my kind since first I commenced scribbling. At the lowest estimate I have hunted out and returned to their sorrowing parents fully three dozen heirs and heiresses—with and without strawberry marks and tattooed anchors on their arms. If it were not for the base ingratitude of humanity, my statue, arrayed in nondescript costume, and executed in the worst style of American art, would now adorn Central Park or Union Square. I would like to be a lost heir myself," he went on, musingly, "only to be one it is necessary to have liquid blue eyes and golden hair and snowy brow; or raven locks and fathomless dark orbs and classic features, and not one of these attractions did unkind nature see fit to bestow upon me. I am homely—not even picturesquely homely, at that—do you know it, Miss Helen?"

"Since you have made the assertion, I can not be impolite enough to contradict it," she replied, gathering some of the crimson leaves from the Virginia creeper and putting them into her belt as she spoke.

"Give them to me, please," said Tom, stretching out his hand.

She shook her head, and pointed to the vine.

"For a memento of this evening," he pleaded, in a tone which was far from sentimental.

"How many such mementos have you already?" questioned she, still keeping the leaves.

"A dead rose—some other plant, which now looks and smells decidedly hayey—a glove, spotted with lemonade and of no possible use to its rightful owner—a slipper rosette, big and ugly as a mushroom, and a piece of pink ribbon much creased, which may, perhaps, have belonged to Miss Halsted instead of you," enumerated Tom. "That is all, I assure you."

"What are you going to do with them?" Helen demanded, much inclined to laugh.

"Keep them to sigh over winter evenings when the fire gets low and my segar is smoked out," Tom answered. "One must have help to misery as well as to happiness."

"If that be so, here are the leaves," laying them in his hand. "May they contribute their small share toward making you wretched, since it is for that you desire them."

"A thousand thanks!" he exclaimed, putting the coveted possession into his pocket-book, where the dead rose already reposed.

"Where are your other collections?" asked Helen. "I presume you have made quite a number within the past ten years."

"To tell the truth," replied he, "I burned them after pilfering your glove. I did not wish to get the trifles mixed and so misplace my regrets, you see."

Helen bit her lip at the straightforward avowal. "Are you always so frank, Mr. Ford?"

"Never," he answered, "except when craftiness can not avail me anything. If diplomacy could make

you adore me as—as I adore you, I should be a full-fledged Machiavelli instantly; but it could not?" with a quick, furtive glance at her face.

"No," she said, slowly, and coloring a little.

"I knew it," said Tom, checking a sigh. "Well, I must content myself with the dead flowers and crumpled ribbons which you have worn. A man more deserving than I might receive even less." A philosophic remark by no means in keeping with the speaker's gloomy and perturbed countenance at that moment. A long silence, broken at last by Tom. "It is almost three months since we met, Miss Helen. Do you remember my coming up the walk and finding you hulling strawberries with one of Rachel's check aprons on? How sweet those strawberries were!"

"Almost three months," echoed Helen, "and—I am going home next week."

Tom started and then scowled, but said nothing.

"How glad I am that we are to be in the same city next winter," she went on presently. "We can meet often, and Clara, who is a literary person, will lionize you."

"We shall never meet," he replied with most ungracious curttness.

"Why?" she asked, in a slightly hurt tone.

"Do you need to ask why?" he rejoined. "What sort of a companion for Miss Deno's friends should I be—a beggarly scribbler who barely keeps himself lodged and fed, and has not talent enough to enable him to hope for fame even when he is grizzled and fifty! No," he continued, more quickly, "I have had my day, here in this old farmhouse, without a rival to dread—with no soul to come between me and the sweetness of your companionship—I have had my full meed of happiness, and I covet no half-way joy in the future. I was not made to play the part of a despairing lover. I could not haunt your footsteps for a smile, a look; or dance attendance at parties and operas for the pleasure of bringing you an ice or picking up your fan. I despise a man who can humble himself in such a way. Yes, and I was going to add, that I despise the woman who can take pleasure in seeing him do it!"

He tossed the segar away, and strode up and down the porch, which creaked alarmingly beneath his heavy tread.

"A pretty fellow I am to get into such a rage about nothing," he said at last, pausing beside Helen, who still leaned against the lattice-work. "Forgive me, will you not? I will never behave so again."

"I have nothing to forgive," she replied, with a smile. "I like to see you behave badly—it amuses me, and I need to be amused."

"Is it not a pity that a man is so hampered by circumstances as to be unable to assume a heroic attitude when he wishes?" questioned Tom, seemingly quite tranquil once more. "I do not care to be taller nor less clumsy; I don't even wish to amend and revise my nose; but I would like to perform some wonderful feat which would forever exalt me in your eyes, and earn for me your eternal gratitude. I can think of scores—snatching you from under the wheels of a locomotive; swimming with you to shore from a sinking ship, while the waves were running mountains high; or rescuing you from some desperado armed with numberless daggers and revolvers. How delightful it would be to hear you sob out your thankfulness to your brave preserver, as Miss Alicia de Courcy does to Percy Fitzgerald in my last drama! At present I amuse you—am well nigh as indispensable to your comfort as a lap-dog; compel you to be grateful, and—I think you could hardly avoid loving me."

"I should *abhor* you!" returned Helen. "I always dislike people to whom I am under obligations. When I am forced to be grateful to anybody, I feel as though the anybody had a string tied to my little finger and could jerk it warningly at intervals to remind me of my duty."

"On the whole, then," said Tom, looking down at her small figure, "you would prefer to rescue me, and listen to the sobbing assurances of my gratitude; I will improvise some horrible danger forthwith—plunge headforemost into it and allow you to take me out, if you will be any more likely to care for me in consequence. Let me see—we are going up the valley to-morrow—"

"Not we," interrupted Helen. "I must remain at home to entertain a visitor."

"Do you expect the coming of that domestic affliction, Miss Fletcher? Why not run away from her first thing in the morning?"